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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—Carlyle



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. II. No. 15.

DECEMBER, 1894.

PRICE ONE PENNY.
By Post, 1½d.

Contents.

PORTRAIT—MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE	33
BIOGRAPHY...	34
THE EXPERIENCES OF AN ORGANIST—II	34
ON THE ART OF SINGING	36
FANCIES AND FACTS FOR AMATEUR FIDDLERS...	37
RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 8	38
MR. WILLIAM RILEY—PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHY	39
TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE	40
EDITORIAL	41
MUSIC IN THEATRES	42
A MODEL PIANOFORTE LESSON	43
MR. WILLIAM C. HANN—PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHY	45
PRIZE COMPETITION No. 10	45
FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK	46
CORRESPONDENCE	47
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	47

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AND OF MUSIC SELLERS.





THE MINT, NEW YORK, 1840

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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

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MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London.

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I well remember what a stew I was in one Sunday morning years ago. It was one of the Sundays when we did not do any communion service, and so of course there was no music for the kyrie put out. To my horror, in due course, the curate proceeded within the communion rails and commenced the office. I had no music, no more had the choir—what was to be done? Even if I had a copy myself, the choir would not know which Kyrie I was going to play, and either total silence or hideous cacophony would be almost certainly the result, until, at least, such times as the choir could recollect their parts.

But I had *not* a copy! so there seemed nothing for it but to allow things to take their chance. I was so dismayed, however, at the prospect of some of the choir endeavouring to strike up one tune, and perhaps a few others another, while some of the rest might endeavour to cut the Gordian knot by attempting a monotone, that I decided something must be done. I had, you see, a lively

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One of the most wonderful feats of memory that I ever heard of, far surpassing the so-called phenomenal feats of "conducting from memory" a band which has the music before them, or the task of playing a few pianoforte pieces without book at a recital

which perhaps the performer has been preparing for months, was accomplished by the late Sir Robert Stewart, professor of music in the University of Dublin. He was announced to give an organ recital in a distant town; on arriving at the building it was found that his music had miscarried. "Never mind," said the genial Professor, "I think I can do just as well without it." And so he did, playing his long programme without music, to the delight of a large and critical audience; just as on another occasion he is reported to have played the "Messiah" on the organ at a moment's notice, without book.

Is there any wonder that organists turn prematurely gray or bald? I trow not. The number of harrassing difficulties, petty annoyances and worrying details that I have gone through is legion—mainly through the unreasonableness, jealousy or vanity of incumbents, and the scarcely veiled antagonism of bigoted members of the congregation, who appear to think the organist is an individual a little inferior to the pew-opener, though he may be superior to them, and often is, in every respect as to the possession of those qualities which make a gentleman. With such a want of appreciation in too many quarters, I am often amazed that good musicians still continue to hold church appointments in the numbers they do; for it is safe to say that no class of musicians have, as a whole, such unsympathetic audiences.

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remembered an old clerical acquaintance of his deploring the progressive radicalism of his day (about 1830 or 1840), when kyries began to be sung, and adding "the spirit of the age was such, that he really shouldn't be surprised, if in time, they were to sing the 'Te Deum.'"

One of the greatest trials of the organists of those days was the difficulty of getting appropriate voluntaries for all occasions, and to have them handy for use in all emergencies, the said emergencies being situations or doctrines, &c., touched upon by the preacher, for then, as it is now in some few churches, the sermon was the important part, the all-in-all of the service. It was easy enough to play "Sound the loud timbrel" if the sermon had contained a reference to the "Red Sea"; or to trumpet forth "See the conquering hero comes" after the discourse on David and Goliath, and such appositeness and appropriateness was no doubt duly valued by the incumbent as evidence that one at least of his auditors had been listening to his eloquence; but situations sometimes arose which almost defied the ordinary organist's ability to point a moral, or adorn the tale.

Such an incident happened to my old friend of whom I have just spoken, when he was organist at a certain suburban church. It was Sunday morning, and the nation was vastly moved by the serious illness, feared to be mortal, of the Prince Consort. During the service, a missive was handed to the preacher; he announced its contents: it was the intelligence of his death. Immediately flashed through the organist's mind the important question, "What shall I play?" "I can't exactly have the 'Dead March,' as it is not a funeral, and it must be something more appropriate too." A brilliant thought strikes him; he commences with an appropriate introduction leading into—what?—the "*National Anthem*," harmonised in the minor key. After the service is over he is overwhelmed with congratulations and compliments on his skill. One old fat lady said "It was beautiful: it quite made me cry," and another said "Dear, dear, 'God Save the Queen' sounded as if the poor lady were weeping her eyes out—as no doubt she was; ah! Mr. — do make that organ speak, he do."

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WELL MEANT, NO DOUBT.—She: "You were present at our concert the other evening, Major Stubbles; now tell me seriously do you think my voice has improved since I took lessons?"—Major

Stubbles: "Oh, really, my opinion is of no value, and generally the reverse of what is correct; but, candidly, I think your voice has improved immensely."—*Fun.*

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ON THE ART OF SINGING.

BY DOMENICO CRIVELLI (1840).

The following observations are the result of long analytical study and experience in the practice of the *art of singing*, and will, I hope, be found both interesting and useful to those who teach singing, as well as to those who learn to sing. The cultivation and development of the human voice, so as to render the sounds in every character firm and clear, full and equal, is a very difficult science, very little understood, and often altogether neglected.

It is generally supposed that the knowledge of the theory and practice of music alone will be sufficient to enable any one to teach singing; but the abstract knowledge of music has little or nothing to do with the art of singing.

To cultivate the human voice to the greatest advantage it is necessary to study the physical construction of the vocal organ, and to examine accurately its position in the throat, so as to be able to understand its action in producing the sounds, which is the cause of the various qualities of voice and their different powers of flexibility; and as the knowledge of the management of the breath is of great importance to singers it also becomes necessary to study the condition and the expansion of the lungs. Without this physical knowledge no master can hope to develop the vocal powers of the student, and give him perfect ease and command in articulating, modulating and sustaining sounds, so that he may be able to express every sentiment and passion to which the human mind is subject with power and delicacy.

When, therefore, the instruction is undertaken without understanding the physical principles of the art, instead of developing the voice it only undermines and gradually weakens the natural powers, for the more the organ is forced, or ill-directed, the more the muscles of which it is composed relax and become inactive; the sounds become harsh and unequal; and the power of modulation, and in some cases even the voice itself, is entirely lost, and the singer, although possessing great natural talents, and producing at times extraordinary effects, is compelled to stop short in his career, and all his prospects of fame and fortune vanish like a dream. As a proof of this, let any person call to mind the number of artists of both sexes, who, within the space of a few years, have appeared before the public, with every hope and probability of success, of whom there scarcely remains an instance of one who has retained the natural powers of the voice, even to the prime, still less to any advanced period of life. This fact ought to convince every person of the necessity of cultivating the voice according to the physical principles of the art; otherwise the gifts of nature,

however great or varied, may be entirely thrown away.

Many persons imagine that the chief qualification for a singer is the possession of a fine voice; if it were so, how does it happen that of the infinite number of artists possessing fine voices so few arrive at any eminence of celebrity? A fine voice is no doubt desirable as it increases the pleasure of those that hear; but the art of singing is to convey to the mind of the audience the various sentiments and passions expressed in the compositions; and this depends as much on the exercise of the powers of intellect and reflection, as on the capability of the organ. The artist, then, who aspires to any eminence, must, even with an organ perfectly formed, cultivate his intellectual faculties, and there are many who have attained to great celebrity more through intellectual and reflective powers than from the knowledge of music or the mere possession of a fine organ.

In analysing the different human voices, there will be found to be three distinct grades in the male, and the same in the female; in the male these are called bass, baritone and tenor; and in the female, contralto, mezzo-soprano and soprano. This diversity of quality is caused by the different positions of the organ in the throat; the organ of these voices that are the lowest in quality being placed lower in the throat than those that are highest in quality. Thus the organ of the bass is lower than the baritone, and the baritone than the tenor, and it is the same in the female, the organ of the contralto is lower than the mezzo-soprano, and the mezzo-soprano than the soprano.

The size and thickness of the muscles which form part of the organ of sound also vary according to the quality of the voice; thus the muscles are more strongly constructed of the lower than of the higher qualities of the voice, and this will be sufficient to explain the different degrees of flexibility of the various qualities of the voice. Besides this quality of the voice, there is another which I shall call quantity or volume, and this is regulated by the size and capability of expansion of the throat, and of the cavity at the back of the mouth, giving a power of vibration at the same time the sound is produced, so that it becomes full and sonorous; any effort, therefore, which causes a muscular contraction compresses the space in the throat, and any contortion of the mouth or jaw must give either a guttural or nasal tendency to the sound, and destroy alike the quality, quantity and power of vibration.

Every voice also possesses in itself three degrees of sound, viz., the grave, middle quality and centre,

and this variety of sound, from the lower or grave to the upper or acute, is caused by the rise and fall of the organ in the throat, either made gradually or by sudden effort; and as every sound is produced in a space, and the larynx or vocal organ, being placed at the top of the windpipe, and possessing an elastic power by the elevation and lowering of the windpipe, the muscles dilate or contract according to its action, either ascending or descending, and from this cause the various sounds of the scale are derived, the quality of the voice being retained in the natural character by the power or strength of the muscles. Consequently, in ascertaining the character, the general limit of a voice is known, and although by practice a certain

degree of elasticity and extension may be given to the muscles, yet an attempt to strain the voice beyond its natural limits is always attended by the same results: harshness, inequality, the want of just intonation, and, in some cases, total loss.

The master, therefore, who has thus learnt the art of analysing, ought to ascertain accurately the quality of each voice before he proceeds to its development, and this requires great care and experience, for, although in some the quality is decidedly marked, yet in others there is sometimes a difficulty in discovering the real character, and if in the cultivation the natural character is not adhered to, the voice, instead of becoming full and equal, will ever be weak, shrill and tremulous.



FANCIES AND FACTS FOR AMATEUR FIDDLERS.

Violin experts, like experts in other matters, may be divided, for practical purposes, into two great classes, viz., those who know something about the subject, and those who don't. The latter class is big enough to form a regiment. Members of the former are decidedly rare birds. These two great divisions also admit of pretty numerous sub-divisions, to attempt to enumerate which would be a wearisome task, but it may not be unprofitable to mention a few of them.

First there is the individual—generally an amateur—who “knows everything,” as it was graphically put to me one day by an eminent London bow-maker. His inner consciousness is a sort of saturated solution of all the fiddle literature he has been able to lay hands on. He may have seen a few good instruments in his time, but as a rule this is not the case. He will, however, promptly give you a final and authoritative opinion on any fiddle you put before him; name the maker, and tell you who his grandmother was if need be. A favourite theory with this kind of connoisseur is the composite one. He will tell you the back of your treasure is by Stainer, the belly by Jerome Amati, and the head by some one else; but withal he is comparatively harmless, and he rarely deludes any one but himself. Then there is what may be described as the “regulating expert”—again an amateur—who persuades you to let him alter your bridge or sound-post, regardless of the fact that these matters have been seen to by experienced London workmen. His vagaries occasionally lead to most disastrous results, and he is a person to be feared, and, if possible, kept at a safe distance.

Then there is the gentleman who writes, or rather adapts, copious extracts from standard authorities, interspersed with more or less apposite comments of his own. He will, at short notice, furnish you

with a glowing and poetic description of an instrument, and the fact that he has not seen the fiddle he is discoursing about merely gives a zest to his performances by not confining him too rigorously to the trammels of hard fact.

But enough of this. It is no part of my mission to foster the idea that a study, which has proved a great source of enjoyment to me for many years past, is unprofitable, or to be regarded with contempt because it is, to some extent, pervaded—like all things sublunary—by an atmosphere of human weakness and folly.

Any one who has the time and inclination, and who will apply himself with anything like reasonable diligence to the pursuit can, if he accomplish no more, at least learn sufficient about fiddles to avoid being deceived himself or misleading others. To become a good judge is another matter, and demands certain, almost intuitive, perceptions, which are not possessed by many. Professional players, as a rule, are not good judges of an instrument. Ole Bull was an exception to this, and so, I believe, is Signor Piatti, who has, at one time and another, had a good number of fine works through his hands. Mr. George Haddock, of Leeds, has, or had, in his possession a small collection of Italian fiddles of the first class, and has made himself well acquainted with the subject. The late Charles Reade, the novelist, had an extraordinary gift of judgment in this matter. I have often heard Mr. Hart speak of it, and of his wonderfully quick, keen eye, which seemed to look straight through you.

I think there will not be many dissentients—at all events amongst those who knew the man—to the proposition that the late George Hart was, amongst experts of this century, the Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. His natural gifts were cultivated with intense assiduity. He would spend

hours in his library and elsewhere, drawing outlines of instruments, and, by every means in his power, impressing on his memory their features and peculiarities of structure. In him it was easy to see that the dealer was completely merged in the enthusiast, and many a time he could not be brought to part with his treasures, even when tempted by offers very far beyond their value.

To my utter astonishment he once allowed me to play for a while on the famous "Betts" Strad, a violin which was for several years in his possession, but which he scarcely ever touched himself, for fear it should meet with some scratch or trifling injury. He was a magnificent player, with a broad, powerful tone, for which he was indebted, to some extent, to his peculiar physique, and partly, no doubt, to the precepts of his master, the famous Prosper Sainton. Of his book I have spoken before. It is admittedly the best work on the subject, and it is matter for much regret that it has been once or twice hinted by those who should have known better, or at least have enquired further before circulating such a statement, that it was written by the hand of another, whose literary style is as distinct from that of Mr. Hart as it is possible to be. The fullest refutation—if any were needed—of this unkindly suggestion exists in the manuscript.

Another famous expert was Gand, of Paris, who died a year or two ago. Of living professional experts it is, for obvious reasons, somewhat invidious to speak in a paper like the present. I would like to say a few words of warning on the subject of warranties to those who may not have read or heard of the amount of fraud and deception which has been rampant since the present rage for written guarantees of the authenticity of instruments of the violin class set in.

I have before me at this moment an interesting document, purporting to be a guarantee of genuineness of a certain violoncello. It is elaborately got up in a modern antique sort of style, partly printed, and dates from the famous No. 28 Wardour Street. It bears the signature, "William Hart," but the head of that illustrious house is not named William, nor is there any one of that name in the firm with whose reputation such liberties have been taken.

The perpetrator of the villainy is, I believe, now "doing his time," but as it is probable that there are many similar documents about, it behoves the public to be doubly cautious in buying fiddles with written guarantees, except direct from the guarantor.

A. T. P.

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RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION—No. 8.

The truth of the old adage, "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," has once more been exemplified, and this time in connection with our October competition.

As our readers will remember, the task set was :

1. To re-arrange the 20 letters.
2. To give year of first performance.
3. To state for whom the work was written.
4. To make the greatest number of English words out of the letters.

Answers to Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are as follows :—

1. "Acis and Galatea," Handel.
2. 1721.
3. Duke of Chandos.
4. The number of words made varied considerably, a few competitors having evidently misunderstood No. 4.

Ten lists were received of over 1000 words each, the longest containing 1784. This was signed "Pastor in Parochia," who, however, gives 1731 as year of first performance, which cannot be accepted. "Le Petit Enfant" claimed to have made 1521 words, but, after carefully adding up and checking the several totals shewn by the "Infant," we were unable to discover more than 1416, an

error of 100 having evidently been occasioned by a bad figure. "Nil Desperandum" (Lewes) came third with an ostensible 1429. On these being checked and added up, they increased to 1448! all being found in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary; and we therefore adjudicate the prize to this competitor, whose name and address is

Miss B. C. SMYTHE,

St. Ann's House,

Lewes,

Sussex,

whose list was a model of neatness, and to whom a Cheque for ONE GUINEA has been forwarded.

By-the-bye, it has been pointed out to us that a trifling slip was made in the announcement of this competition. All the details were properly set out, but we somehow failed to offer any prize! However, this somewhat unimportant (?) detail does not seem to have worried our competitors very much, as they have cheerfully spent their time and trouble in compiling huge lists of words without apparently any thought or desire of reward. It is just possible that they, like ourselves, did not notice the omission!

MR. WILLIAM RILEY.



The eminent Yorkshire baritone whose portrait (from a photograph by Mr. J. E. Shaw, of Burlington House, Huddersfield) accompanies this sketch, was born at Liversedge on December 16th, 1859, where he resided until his marriage in 1887; after which he removed to Huddersfield, where he has held the post of principal bass in the Parish Church choir since 1886.

In the case of Mr. Riley, as in that of many other good musicians, something may be said for the influence of heredity, his father having been in his day one of the best French horn players in the county of broad acres.

At an early age Mr. Riley evinced the possession of a good voice and a decided taste for music, and was readily admitted into the local choirs and choral societies—for which this part of Yorkshire is so justly celebrated. At the age of nineteen he was introduced by his father to that famous Yorkshire musician, the late Mr. Robert S. Burton, of Leeds, who, forming a favourable opinion of his voice, henceforth undertook the direction of his studies.

Mr. Riley profited greatly by the thorough training he received from Mr. Burton, particularly in style, phrasing and expression, and subsequently supplemented this course of instruction, designed especially with a view to oratorio work, by a few lessons from Mr. Fred Walker, of London.

During this period Mr. Riley was already fulfilling public engagements with success. There are few singers who can show so good a record of work done, not only in the principal towns of his native county, but also, amongst others, in Liverpool, Manchester, Lancaster, Blackpool, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Sunderland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Durham, Berwick-on-Tweed, Glasgow, Dumfries, Ayr, Dundee, Montrose, Forfar, Elgin, etc.

In the study of his art Mr. Riley has, with the instinct of a true musician, always set before him a high ideal, from which he has never swerved for the mere purpose of courting a fleeting popularity. His chief forte is the impersonation of the leading bass or baritone parts in the great oratorios and other works, in which, to the number of no less than sixty, he has assumed a leading rôle, involving an amount of work and study which only those who have given special attention to this important department of the vocal art can at all realize.

Besides taking the part of principal in the initial performances of Prout's "Red Cross Knight," J. More Smieton's "King Arthur" and Ainley's "The Great Day of the Lord," Mr. Riley has also fulfilled with credit the chief bass or baritone rôle in, amongst others, Handel's "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," "Samson," "Jephtha" and "Joshua," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "St. Paul" and "Walpurgis Night;" Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons;" Beethoven's "Mass in C," "Mount of Olives" and "Fidelio;" Sullivan's "Golden Legend," "Martyr of Antioch" and "Light of the World;" Macfarren's "Joseph" and "St. John the Baptist;" Benedict's "St. Peter," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Dvôrák's "Spectre's Bride," Barnett's "Building of the Ship" and "Ancient Mariner," and Wallace's "Maritana;" besides works of Sterndale Bennett, Parry, Cowen, Stainer, Spohr, Smart, Gaul, Gade, Barnby, Lloyd, Randegger, etc.

The fortunate possessor of a singularly robust physique, together with a good platform presence, and gifted not only with a voice of unusual richness, flexibility and power, but also with indomitable energy in turning his talents to the best account, Mr. Riley is in all respects a typical Yorkshireman. Being apparently able to endure with comparative ease an immense amount of study and work, there is no position in the sphere of a concert vocalist to which he might not legitimately aspire. Given the opportunity, we should confidently predict for him at the least a national reputation. That he may be enabled to take the place to which his natural gifts and acquired accomplishments so justly entitle him is the sincere wish of the large circle of his friends and admirers in the North.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

"Some say, compar'd to Bunoneini
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

J. BYROM, 1762.

On the feuds between Handel and Bunoneini.

There is a kind of spurious liberality which professes to stand superior to what it calls the petty differences of others, and loses no opportunity of airing its own self-styled breadth of view as an alternative. This false liberality, begotten of ignorance, is no new thing; the pages of Holy Writ and subsequent history contain hundreds of instances. It never seems to have dawned upon these superior beings that on questions of opinion, as opposed to those of demonstrable fact, the value of a person's belief lies not on his sincerity and earnestness, but on his judgment, knowledge and experience. We commend this fact to the consideration of opposing schools of theologians and politicians, who often seem to confound opinions with facts, and as a result stir up all kinds of bad blood unnecessarily. Still, we must not do the disputants the injustice of supposing that their only differences are those of "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," unless we are at least as familiar with the grounds of difference as the combatants themselves, and we must not arrogate our attitude of superiority unless we have made ourselves masters of the whole circumstances.

We fear that some musical people are not altogether exempt from a fondness for hastily judging others, and as the lines by Mr. Byrom, which we have printed at the heading of our article, written by him, no doubt, in the full belief that after ages would admire his judicial attitude, may not convey in them a sufficient warning against false liberality, or a too hasty judgment, we will give a personal experience of a conversation between three musicians, which shall be text and sermon in one.

FIRST M.—"I quite fail to see why the notation of the German sixth in C should be the absurdity it often is. Why should the fifth, in the event of the chord resolving in the major, be written as E flat, E natural, when it would be much easier to read and follow if it were written as D sharp, E natural?"

SECOND M.—"I don't quite understand you. Do you mean to imply that it is immaterial how you write a chord, so long as it signifies the same sounds on the piano?"

FIRST M.—"I do. It is a mere question of 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee.'"

SECOND M.—"I am sorry to be unable to agree with you. I suppose you would not contend that it is equally correct to spell 'beautiful' as *beutiful*, or otherwise similarly?"

FIRST M.—"No, of course not, because in this case the derivation of the word is lost."

SECOND M.—"And this is just the reason why we should not write A flat, C, F sharp and D sharp (followed by G, C, G and E) instead of A flat, C, F sharp and E flat (followed by G, C, G and E). In the former case all the relationship of the chord to the key of C is lost sight of and obscured; and if in the etymology of words you are anxious to preserve the proper spelling to show their derivation consistently, you must defend equally the spelling of chords."

FIRST M.—"Yes, but I can see the connection and derivation in the case of the word, but I can't in the case of the chord, and I'm sure many eminent musicians have written the progression in the way I speak of; why, only yesterday I saw the very chord in the way I suggest in a song called 'My Father' by Sir Robert Stewart of Dublin."

SECOND M.—"Yes, but it does not follow that because great musicians write false notation, for purposes of ease in reading, that they are not perfectly aware that it is not strictly correct."

FIRST M.—"Well, come now, can you *prove* to me that in the progression we have discussed the notation ought to be E flat, E natural, instead of D sharp, E natural?"

SECOND M.—"No, I am sorry I can't."

FIRST M.—"Then once again I say it is a case of 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee.'"

THIRD M. (*who has not yet spoken*).—"Stay a moment! I can prove it, so far as it is humanly possible. If I tune the notes on a harmonium in perfect purity so that they give no beats for an octave and a sixth from G natural upwards chromatically, I shall have both an E flat and a D sharp present. If I now try the combination A flat, E flat, F sharp and C, it is very smooth and satisfactory. But the combination A flat, F sharp, C and D sharp is absolutely unbearable. Therefore, if you would write A flat and D sharp to express a fifth or twelfth, such notation is not accurate and against usage, and if it be *not* tuned as a fifth or a twelfth no ear can bear to listen to the combination."

Do our readers perceive the moral?

—* * * * *

CULTURE is like wealth; it makes us more ourselves, it enables us to express ourselves.

No book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.

Our next number will contain a Portrait and Biography of Miss Marie Brema, and Others, Result of November Competition, Particulars of New Competition, and Articles on "Rubinstein as a Man and an Artist," "Undervalued Music and Undervalued Musicians," "How to play Scales," &c., &c.



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Contents.

	PAGE
Portrait—Miss Evangeline Florence	33
Biography	34
The Experiences of an Organist—II	34
On the Art of Singing	36
Fancies and Facts for Amateur Fiddlers...	37
Result of Prize Competition, No. 8	38
Mr. William Riley—Portrait and Biography	39
Tweedledum and Tweedledee	40
Editorial	41
Music in Theatres	42
A Model Pianoforte Lesson	43
Mr. William C. Hann—Portrait and Biography	45
Prize Competition No. 10	45
From the Editor's Notebook	46
Correspondence	47
Answers to Correspondents	47

BEFORE our next number is in our readers' hands Christmas will have come and gone, and therefore we are hardly to be deemed precipitate if we wish again the good old wish, "A Happy Christmas." We say "good old wish" advisedly, although the form of words has now somewhat changed from its primitive idiom. We can hardly be merry unless we are happy, although it is quite possible to be happy without being merry. We all want to be happy, though we may have the most mistaken as well as diverse ideas as to what constitutes happiness. But we cannot all be merry; circumstances, temperament, and hundreds of temporary causes may stand in the way. But with good consciences we never need be unhappy long, and we have no sympathy with those selfish misanthropes who would reduce the whole world to their own state of abject misery though surrounded with plenty and with every reason to be thankful with their lot. There is, probably, nothing more productive of chronic misery than a perverted sense of one's own importance; and Christmas time is essentially a season when we should abnegate self and selfish desires. Peace and goodwill towards men are capital factors to one's own happiness; therefore, if for mere selfishness it is good policy for the selfish man to be at least now and then unselfish—if he can!

— * * * * *

MORNING is the tonic of the day.

We could use most of the advice we give away.

THE apparently dissimilar words "fiddle" and "violin" are really derived from the same source.

The Anglo-Saxon form "fithle" was succeeded by the Norman "fielle," the Italian "vielle" and "viol," whence we get, by the addition of the diminutive, *violino*; and also the augmentation, *violone*, whence, by the diminution again, we have *violoncello*.

MUSIC IN THEATRES.

There can be no doubt that the music in theatres, as a rule, is far from being satisfactory to any *habitués* with critical ears. Music did I call it? Well, I am disposed to agree with that high authority who once laid down the dictum that there is no such thing as bad music—either it is good, or it is not music at all; even at the risk of implying that our theatres, from floor to gallery, are nightly packed with people who don't know good music when they hear it, and who would just as soon or sooner hear bad. In this fact lies the kernel of the matter. The majority of people who go to ordinary theatres in England are not specially musical, and so long as there are a few fiddlers, with a cornet and trombone, piccolo, double bass, and side drum, to scrape a valse between the acts, or scramble through an old-fashioned march or operatic overture five minutes before the curtain rises, they are quite satisfied.

It is, therefore, useless to expect theatrical managers to take any pains or spend any money to improve that which serves its purpose very well as it is. If an enterprising manager gets a good band together his enterprise is by no means rewarded by a corresponding increase in his receipts; and if he insists upon good music being played, it is regarded with the same indifference as the fourth-rate dance music usually employed. To what purpose, then, should he waste money by engaging numerous performers with good salaries, when a very few performers at low salaries will do as well?

This being the state of the case, we shall have to wait until England is a really musical nation, and will not tolerate poor stuff (which, to revert to our former expression, is not music at all), before the condition of things in an ordinary theatre ever improves. When a manager finds that, with good actors and good plays well mounted, the public prefers to patronise another house with equally good actors, equally good plays equally well mounted, but a far better band, he will improve his own band, *but not before*.

What we desire to call attention to, however, in this article, is the injury sustained in musical art when these insufficient bands are called upon, as they often are, to accompany operas and other works of the kind. Of course, the facts are different in London from the provinces; yet even in London the theatres are by no means all on the same level as regards efficiency and completeness.

Nine out of ten operas will be scored for the following minimum of instruments: two flutes, two clarinets, two horns, one or two trombones, one oboe, one bassoon, two cornets and drums, besides strings. Yet in few provincial theatres—even the most important—are all these instruments to be found; nor is it any better in London. More often

than not the only instruments present are of the treble and bass species; there are no instruments to fill up the inner parts and complete the harmony, no horns, bassoons, or tenor strings, the result being that the only audible sounds are the piccolo or cornet playing the melody, the trombone or euphonium grunting the bass, and the side drum covering up as best it may the absence of that "harmony" which the poor second fiddle struggles so manfully to supply. It is true that in a few cases the conductor endeavours to supplement the resources of his band by the pianoforte or harmonium that he has before him, and if he is really a competent player on either he may do much good work. In particular was the writer pleased with the way in which one of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's travelling companies gave "Utopia" in a country town which he visited some time ago, where the orchestra simply consisted of little more than a quintet of good string players, with a pianoforte. But then the conductor, Mr. T. Silver (who, if we mistake not, was in former days a highly promising student at the R.A.M.), not only knew his forces well and what they could do, but also his *score*. He was so fully acquainted with what was not in the string parts, and put it in so effectively on the pianoforte that there was no thinness or want of harmony. But such cases are exceptional, and what if the conductor, as often happens, cannot play a key-board instrument? In such cases the attempt to render an opera with a band of nine all told, as is not unfrequent in country towns, is literally absurd.

A really decent band for a theatre—one that would, in fact, be comparatively very fine—would consist of two flutes (the second player taking the piccolo when required), one oboe, two clarinets, one bassoon, two horns, two cornets, one or two trombones, kettle-drums, bass drum, cymbals, side drum and triangle (one performer might play all), and strings; of the latter there should be at least five firsts, three seconds, two violas, two violoncellos, and two double basses.

But we can fancy our manager's sarcastic "Yes, don't you wish you may get it—why, we haven't room for the people!" So in the long run we shall have to rest content with one flute instead of two, one trombone, perhaps only one horn, or none, as well as less strings. Still, as long as we have some instruments of varied tone and sufficient power in the middle parts to form connecting links between extremes, we shall do fairly well; and quite as well as our not very sympathetic audience deserves.

It is, as a rule, in the higher class of theatres that the music is most persistently ignored. Pit and gallery enjoy lively music played by a good band;

and if the regeneration of theatrical music ever comes about, it seems likely to proceed upwards and onwards from the cheaper parts of the house and from the cheaper theatres to the larger and more aristocratic temples of the drama at the West-end and elsewhere; for notwithstanding the fact that managers like Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree have spent much money in commissioning composers to write special music for various plays, and in engaging good bands to perform it, we quite agree with Mr. Hamilton Clarke

(formerly conductor of a well-known West-end theatre) who affirms "that the more aristocratic the theatre, the louder and more general the talking."

If, then, there be any musical regular theatre-goers who are anxious to rescue music from its present degradation in the ordinary house, the best way in which they may assist is by themselves preserving silence, and discouraging conversation in others when music is being performed worth listening to.

J. W.

— * * * * *

A MODEL PIANOFORTE LESSON.

NO. II.—BEETHOVEN'S "MOONLIGHT" SONATA.

MASTER.—"Well, and how goes the 'Moonlight'?"

PUPIL.—"I can't make much of the first movement; I don't care for the second; and I find the third terribly hard."

MASTER.—"I am not at all surprised to hear that you can't make much of the first movement—nobody ever can who has the temerity, not to use a stronger word, to say that they do not care for the second. It is much more likely that you fail to understand it than that the giant Beethoven should write music that was uninteresting."

PUPIL.—"Well, that may be; I don't, of course, pretend that my intellect is equal to his."

MASTER.—"Yes, it is well to be modest in one's estimate of one's self; though one can hold opinions (and everybody worth their salt does hold opinions of their own, and stick to them, too), yet it is always well to be sure that a difference with a great man does not arise from ignorance or incapacity in yourself before you express it."

PUPIL.—"Yes, it *does* sound rather conceited, I admit, now I come to think of it, to say 'I don't care for Beethoven, or Mozart, or somebody else'; but I really didn't mean it. What I thought was that the second movement of the 'Moonlight' didn't seem to be in the same style as the rest, and I do like the other movements *so* much when *you* play them, though I can't make them go right myself."

MASTER.—"You are quite right in saying that the second movement is in a different style to the rest; the marvellous contrasts that you will often find in the same sonatas is one of the greatest features of Beethoven's genius."

PUPIL.—"Why did he call it the 'Moonlight' Sonata?"

MASTER.—"He did *not* call it the 'Moonlight' Sonata, and I daresay was thinking as much about moonlight when he wrote it as he was of candle-light or electric light. The name was probably given to it by an enterprising publisher for the

same reason that that other publisher, mentioned in 'The Minim' a few months ago, withdrew the composition entitled 'March of the Madcaps,' and re-issued it as 'Cathedral Echoes' just to increase the sale."

PUPIL.—"What a shame."

MASTER.—"Yes, and now to work. Observe the long Italian direction as to the style of execution of the 'Sonata quasi una Fantasia.'"

PUPIL.—"Yes, and I can guess at its meaning, though I don't understand what a 'Sonata quasi una Fantasia' means, or yet the terms 'e senza sordini.'"

MASTER.—"The words 'quasi una fantasia' were added to the word Sonata by Beethoven to show that it was not strictly in sonata form, but was 'as if a fantasia,' somewhat irregular in outline, merely following his fancy for the time. As a matter of fact, however, if we leave out the question of the first movement associated with sonata form, which is here omitted, the remaining movements are of quite usual types. The slow movement is practically a song without words; the next is a minuet and trio; and the last is in ordinary binary form (with two principal subjects), and the usual repeats. The words 'senza sordini' mean 'without the dampers.'"

PUPIL.—"Oh, yes, that means without the pedals, doesn't it? My last teacher told me so."

MASTER.—"I am afraid your last teacher wanted teaching herself then; the dampers are the contrivances attached to the hammers in the pianoforte to stop the vibrations when the key is released, and the words 'senza sordini' was only Beethoven's way of indicating that the right-hand, or sustaining pedal is to be used. He says nothing about the 'una corda' or soft pedal, so that it may be employed, if absolutely necessary, for very soft parts, if you can't get it soft without. If you *do* use it, you must still employ the right-hand pedal, so that you will have both going at once."

PUPIL.—"Am I to keep the right-hand pedal down all the time?"

MASTER.—“No, no! Didn't I tell you the other day, and didn't you say you clearly understood that the pedal is always to be released before a change of harmony occurs, or when scale passages appear in the centre of the instrument? In this movement you will need to let the pedal go, generally, at the end of each bar, and sometimes at the end of a half or quarter bar; but occasionally you can keep it on for even two bars, or more. You must use your eyes, ears, and brains. The subject itself, in minims and crotchets, must be made rather prominent, but not unduly *thumped* out. Many of the bars have *crescendos* towards the middle and *diminuendos* towards the end; don't forget this kind of undulating, waving effect.”

PUPIL.—“What are the principal parts to be observed in the second movement?”

MASTER.—“The alternate *legato* and *staccato* phrases, and the holding down the notes their full time in the trio. Sometimes there is *legato* in one hand, and *staccato* in the other hand; at the same time don't force it out too much, mind the contrasts and *sforzandos*; and don't overlook the long sustained A's and D's in the trio. You must give a good bang to these notes when you strike them, or they will not last out their full time; but, on the other hand, you must be careful not to strike them where they should be sustained.”

PUPIL.—“And now for the last movement.”

MASTER.—“Observe that the opening *arpeggios* of the *presto agitato* are quite *piano*, but that there are *sf* marks. The *sf*, however, only applies to the first of the two chords, the second being softer: no *crescendo* is needed, though over-zealous performers often insert one! Where the semiquaver rest occurs be careful to make the left-hand note

decided and clear, though not very loud, and don't overlook the pause! The G sharp in bar nine must be well sustained, and also the melody in bar 21. You will find the shakes in bars 30 and 32 very hard, but you are not bound to hold the bottom note out *quite* its full time, perhaps, which will make it a little easier. The following runs must be very light and facile, and the second subject in G sharp minor played in a neat and delicate manner. Then there are the wide *arpeggios* consisting of two grace notes in the right hand, just before the double bar, which, too, must be played lightly, striking the minim in the right hand precisely at the same time as the semiquaver in the left hand. In the “development” portion, which comes immediately after the double bar, the subject is transferred to the left hand, and great care and skill is necessary to avoid a muddle-headed kind of effect.”

PUPIL.—“Most of the phrases after the double bars are more or less the same as those occurring previously; so I suppose the same remarks will apply.”

MASTER.—“Yes, the only difficulty is the passage 38 bars from the end. If, however, you count your time carefully, and bear in mind that each demi-semiquaver is tied, and accent the first of each group, all will come right; observe, however, that bar 41 is not *quite* the same as the previous ones! The *arpeggios* in the right hand further on want playing in a brilliant, broad and firm manner, with the chords in the bass well marked. In the *cadenza* do not aim so much at rapidity as ease, clearness, and neatness; and then, after your two or slow bars, electrify us with the *bravura*, finish in *arpeggios* in octaves for both hands. Now work hard at it till I see you next week?”



THE art of composing madrigals seems to have flourished in its highest perfection simultaneously in both England and Italy. Thus L. Marenzio was contemporaneous with John Wilbye, and Giovanni Gastoldi with J. Dowland—four of the greatest madrigalists who ever lived. The word madrigal is derived, according to Hullah, from a form of hymn to the Virgin Mary (“Madre gala” or “Alla Madre”); and he contends that this theory is not necessarily contradicted because many madrigals are secular, there being extant a large number of “Madrigali spirituali” containing a reference to the Virgin Mary.

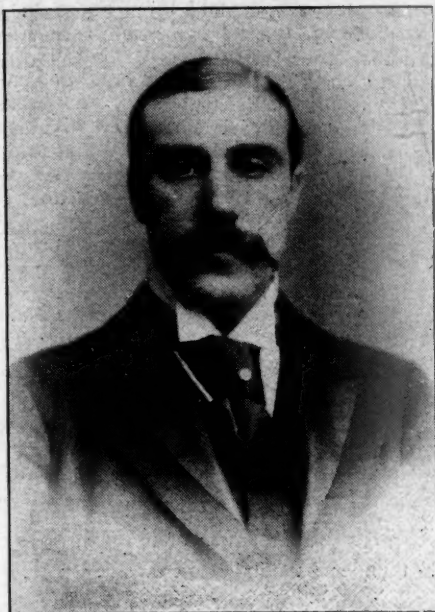
DR. GAUNTLETT played the organ at the first production of Mendelssohn's “Elijah” at the Birmingham Festival in 1846, while Mr. Stimpson, the official organist of the Festival, turned over the leaves for him.

It is rather singular how many pieces introduced as afterthoughts or almost by accident into large works have been largely instrumental in making them successful. The following are instances:—the famous “Prayer” in “Moses in Egypt” by Rossini; the beautiful quartet, “God is a Spirit,” in Sterndale Bennett's “Woman of Samaria;” the thrilling episode, “Watchman, will the night soon pass,” in Mendelssohn's “Hymn of Praise;” and the popular “Queen of my heart” in Cellier's “Dorothy.”

MUCH of the music written by Dr. John Bull and others for the virginal clavichord and kindred instruments was very difficult, not only for its own day, but for any day, and would severely tax the powers of many players of the present generation.

THE bassoon was invented by a Canon of Pavia, Afranio, about 1539.

MR. WILLIAM C. HANN.



The subject of our sketch this month, Mr. William C. Hann, comes of a family of well-known musicians. He was born January 18th,

1863, and in 1872 was appointed one of the children of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James', where he received his education under the late Rev. Thomas Helmore. He afterwards studied at the Royal Academy of Music under Signor Piatti, and, after gaining his medals and certificate of merit, he took the Bonamy Dobree Prize for violoncello playing, and was elected an Associate of the aforesaid Institution.

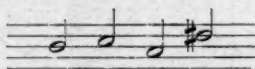
Mr. Hann owes his musical talent to both sides of his family, as his mother was a daughter of Edward Hopkins, for many years bandmaster of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and sister of the late John L. Hopkins, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and cousin of Dr. Hopkins, of the Temple.

Besides being a well-known professor of his instrument, Mr. Hann is a member of the Richter, Philharmonic, and all the noted orchestras in this country. He has been lately on tour with his cousin, Mr. Edward Lloyd, in all the principal towns in England. With his father and brothers, Mr. William C. Hann has for the last nine years been giving a series of Chamber Concerts every autumn at Brixton. There is probably not another *bona-fide* musical family living capable of giving a complete instrumental programme, comprising items ranging from a solo to a sextet, in such perfect and finished style; and we heartily wish the talented family, of which Mr. Hann is so accomplished a member, the success they so entirely deserve.

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PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 10.

The following notes form the *intervals* of a somewhat curious musical phrase :—



Competitors are required to give at least three instances of its use, stating the composer's name and writing the phrase as it stands in the original in each case. N.B.—The notes as herein printed merely shew the *intervals* only, and do not necessarily represent actual pitch or time values.

We offer a Prize of ONE GUINEA to the competitor who sends in the greatest number of authenticated instances. In the event of two or more competitors sending in the same number, preference will be given to the one whose envelope is first opened.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to, or competitors will be disqualified :—

1. The Coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London Office, 84 Newgate Street, *not later than* December 20th, the outside of the envelope being marked "Competition."

2. The Competition is free to all who send in their reply with the accompanying Coupon affixed to it.

3. In the envelope must also be enclosed another *sealed envelope*, containing on the *outside* the motto chosen by the Competitor (and which also appears on the Coupon), and *inside*, the name and address of the Competitor, but *not* the Coupon.

COUPON No. 10.

INTERVALS.

Motto _____

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

Handel was at one time the proprietor of the Opera House, London, and presided at the harpsichord in the orchestra (pianofortes not being then known). His embellishments were so masterly that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment, to the frequent mortification of the vocal professors. A pompous Italian singer was, on a certain occasion, so chagrined at the marked attention to the harpsichord, in preference to his own singing, that he swore that if ever Handel played him a similar trick he would jump down upon his instrument. Handel, with much humour, replied, "Oh! oh! you vill jump, vill you? Very well, sare, be so kind and tell me de night ven you vill jump and I vill advertishe it in de bills, and I shall get grate deal more money by your jumping than I shall get by your singing."

"MONSIEUR TRES MAUVAIS."—Volumnir, a Frenchman by birth, was an excellent violin-player, but had no special talent as a composer. He was leader of the concert at Dresden in 1713, and possessed considerable discrimination in the choice of the piece; those which had a particular effect he placed in order on music shelves, and over every department was written in large characters the name of the composer. Such pieces as had not been tested, or had been rejected, he placed in a separate drawer and wrote over them, *très mauvais*. After his death his music was to be sold, and a Polish musician was surprised to find so extensive a collection of celebrated masters. The separate drawer, however, attracted his special attention, and he exclaimed, "Ah! Monsieur *Très Mauvais*, M. *Très Mauvais* very great composer indeed; composed more than *all the rest put together!*"

Dr. Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was one of the band in a German regiment which for a time was stationed in the north of England. He and six others were candidates for the position of organist at the parish church of Halifax. A new organ had recently been built by Snetzler, and a day was fixed for the competition. One of the competitors was a Mr. Wainwright of Manchester, whose playing was so rapid that old Snetzler exclaimed, "He run over the key like one cat; he will not give my pipes time to speak." During the performance Dr. Miller (a friend of Herschel) asked him what chance he had. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came to his turn Herschel astonished all present by producing an uncommon richness of tone and such a volume of harmony

that, when he was asked how he managed such an extraordinary effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do," and, taking two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ and the other upon the octave above; and by accommodating the harmony I produced the effect of four hands instead of two."

At a meeting of an Ayrshire Mutual Improvement Society the works of Shakespeare formed the subject of the evening, and the local doctor, an admirer of the bard, read a highly eulogistic paper on his plays. After the meeting had dispersed, the local shoemaker approached the doctor and remarked:—"Ye think a fine lot o' yon plays o' Shakespeare, doctor." "I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he was mair cliver than oor Rabbie Burns?" "Why, there's no comparison between them," said the medico, indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye telt us the nicht that it was Shakespeare who wrote those well-kent lines, '*Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.*' Noo Rabbie wud never hae written sic nonsense as that." "Nonsense, sir!" thundered the indignant doctor. "Ay, juist nonsense. Rabbie wud hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi' the crown on their head. They aye hang it ower the back o' a chair."

Simpson, a master of music in the reign of Charles II, has in his work, "The Division of the Violin," drawn from the theory of music a singular illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. He says, "When I consider that three sounds placed by the interval of a third, one above another do constitute *one entire harmony*, which governs and comprises all the sounds that by art or imagination can at once be joined in musical concordance, that I cannot but think a significant emblem of that supreme and incomprehensible Three in One, governing, comprising, and disposing the whole machine of the world, with all its included parts, in a most perfect and stupendous harmony." A more modern writer, commenting on this ingenious theory, observes, "It is well known that if any three notes be taken upon an organ or harpsichord in the order of our revision, third and fifth (as expressed in the scale), and struck all at once, the sounds, though perfectly distinct in themselves, are so blended and lost in one another that with this pleasing variety of different intervals you have also the simplicity and unity of a single note; and so thick is the agreement that, provided the instrument be well in tune, an inexperienced ear cannot readily distinguish whether there be one sound only, or two others

combined with it." He thus concludes, "We will rest then in the conclusion that, as there is a Trinity in the Godhead, the divine wisdom has given us a symbol of it in the three ruling elements of sound; and as the three Divine Persons are but one God, so the trinity in music has the nature and sound of the most perfect unity."

THE "Pictorial World" of September 22nd, 1883, says that "A French geographer has been constructing a long table showing different rates of progression, he has reduced the different rates to the number of yards per second. A man walking 3 miles an hour moves at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards per second; a ship going at 9 knots an hour moves about 5 yards per second; and an ordinary wind at about 6 yards; while a 'fresh breeze' has a speed of 11 yards per second; a racehorse trotting makes 13 yards, and galloping $16\frac{1}{2}$ yards per

second; while an express train, 60 miles an hour, does about 29 yards, about the same rate as a tempest; and a carrier-pigeon $19\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The human nerves transmit sensations at about 37 yards per second; sound in the air is propagated at the rate of 360 yards per second; a cannon ball moves at 550 yards per second; the moon round the earth double that a point in the sun's equator, double that again while the sun itself is moving towards the constellation, Hercules, at the rate of something like 8000 yards per second; Jupiter moves round the sun at 16,000 yards per second; and Mercury nearly four times faster. Finally, electricity travels in the air at 40 million yards a second; and light at the inconceivable speed of 335 million yards per second."—The above stated movements of the sun and of light, checked by the rates given in the Imperial Dictionary, would appear to be well within the mark.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

NORTH v. SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR.

I can't agree with Mr. Casson that the dialect of the Northern countries is more musical than that of the Southern, any more than I can admit that the Welsh language is more euphonious than the English. Both seem to me to have an extraordinary number of guttural, throaty and other sounds, which defy classification, and the consonantal sounds appear also grossly exaggerated. The tendency of the Welsh to dwell on the consonants and evade the vowels is notorious, and forms an easy test for identifying a gentleman from the Principality, and though it is quite possible that the Northern counties *do* revel in the vowels more than our neighbours of Wales, yet, considering the downright supremacy of these districts over other parts of England, so far as a liking for, and ability in choral singing is concerned,

I cannot see how the language can be said to produce these effects in both instances. Nor am I sure that music as a whole is cultivated more ardently or better understood in its wider aspects in these districts than in the South; and I think there must be some stronger underlying principle than that brought forward by Mr. Casson to account for the admitted facts.

My own impression has always been, that in matters of dialect, the tendency of rural districts is to exaggerate consonants, and to speak slowly, while the inhabitants of the urban districts clip the consonants, corrupting the vowel sounds, with rapid enunciation. A Londoner will, for instance, say "moire and cly" where a countryman will say "myerrrrr annd clayyy." Now, which is the most musical (I don't ask which is the best English!)?

Yours truly,

A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF ORGANISTS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. T.—Though against our usual practice, we will reply to you privately through the post if you will send us a stamped addressed envelope. We cannot answer your query in print.

SUSANNAH.—A singing master can only improve an existing voice; he cannot create one and so usurp the place of nature. If such a gentleman exists, we should be glad to know his address, and could promise him plenty of clients and a speedy fortune. Of course there are good and bad singing masters; the worst of it is that, by means of judicious flattery and sycophancy, the incompetent ones often succeed in irreparably damaging the pupil's voice before they are found out.

MADONNA.—Address J. T. Field, Esq., Montpellier Row, Blackheath, S.E.

CECILE.—Neither the organ or harmonium in the hands of a master are inexpressive instruments; in fact, the latter, to a performer who has acquired the use of the "expression" stop, is capable of as much *nuance* as a violin.

PRINCIPAL.—(i) We cannot say that we admire the "racing about" on the manuals of which the organist you speak of indulges in; nor is it a practice which we could advise you to imitate, even if we had ever heard of any books on the subject which would initiate you into its mysteries (?). We should think that there must be some defect in the choir if such eccentricities are needed to infuse "life and go" in it.

a long psalm or hymn. Good musicians are perhaps occasionally tempted to show themselves off in this way, when they have no other opportunity for doing so, in the service, but it is often resorted to by persons who could not be so described. In no instances is the effect, we imagine, either impressive or devotional. Listen to Dr. Martin, Dr. Bridge, Dr. Hopkins, or any Cathedral organist, and form your taste and aspirations on their model. (ii) The only English publication giving views of organs that we know of is the "Musical Standard;" this journal has issued already between seventy and eighty.

J. R.—The Bolero and Fandango are both modifications of the Seguidilla, and all are national dances of Spain, probably Moorish in their origin.

WELSH.—Instrumental music is nearly always a later stage in the musical development of a nation than vocal. England was a singing nation long before it was a playing nation, and, as students of musical history are well aware, sight-singing was a common accomplishment amongst educated persons in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The only form of musical art which may be said to be peculiar to, or invented by, the English, is that associated with Anglican Church music, and also, perhaps, the "Glee." Nearly all other forms of composition, and nearly every kind of musical instrument, were in the first place suggested, invented, or greatly improved, by the Italians.

NERVOUS.—You probably play your pieces too quickly. It is quite a common experience to hear persons break down in a public performance of a piece they can play perfectly at home. The reason is, often, that the temporary excitement and anxiety causes the performer to start the piece, quite unconsciously to himself, at much too quick a rate, and so finds it impossible to keep it up; or makes

numerous wrong notes in an attempt to do so. The real remedy for nervousness is to absorb yourself in your work to such an extent that all your energies are concentrated on it.

VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.—Try the moveable Doh system if you don't like Tonic Sol-fa. A little systematic use of the modulator or scale picture as a preliminary will be useful; then you will find little difficulty in applying the Sol-fa names to the old notation, calling the keynote Doh on whatever line or space it falls, according to the key. It is within our own experience that children under the age of 12 can be readily taught this system, and by its aid find no difficulty in reading chromatic modern music at sight in a manner quite equal to that attained by Tonic Solfaists.

FIDDLE AND I.—Go to a respectable music dealer and tell him what you want and how much you are prepared to offer. There are violin experts in London and elsewhere, whose *bona-fides* is above question, who would give information (for a fee) as to the value of any instrument submitted to them. See our article in this month's issue.

J. P. GRAY.—It all depends on what the pianoforte keys are made of, whether real ivory, Xylonite or other manufactured product.

ETHEL.—An excellent modern drawing-room piece is B. Godard's Second Mazurka in B flat.

We are always pleased to assist our readers to obtain any desired information, provided that our correspondent's real name and address is enclosed; not necessarily for publication.

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